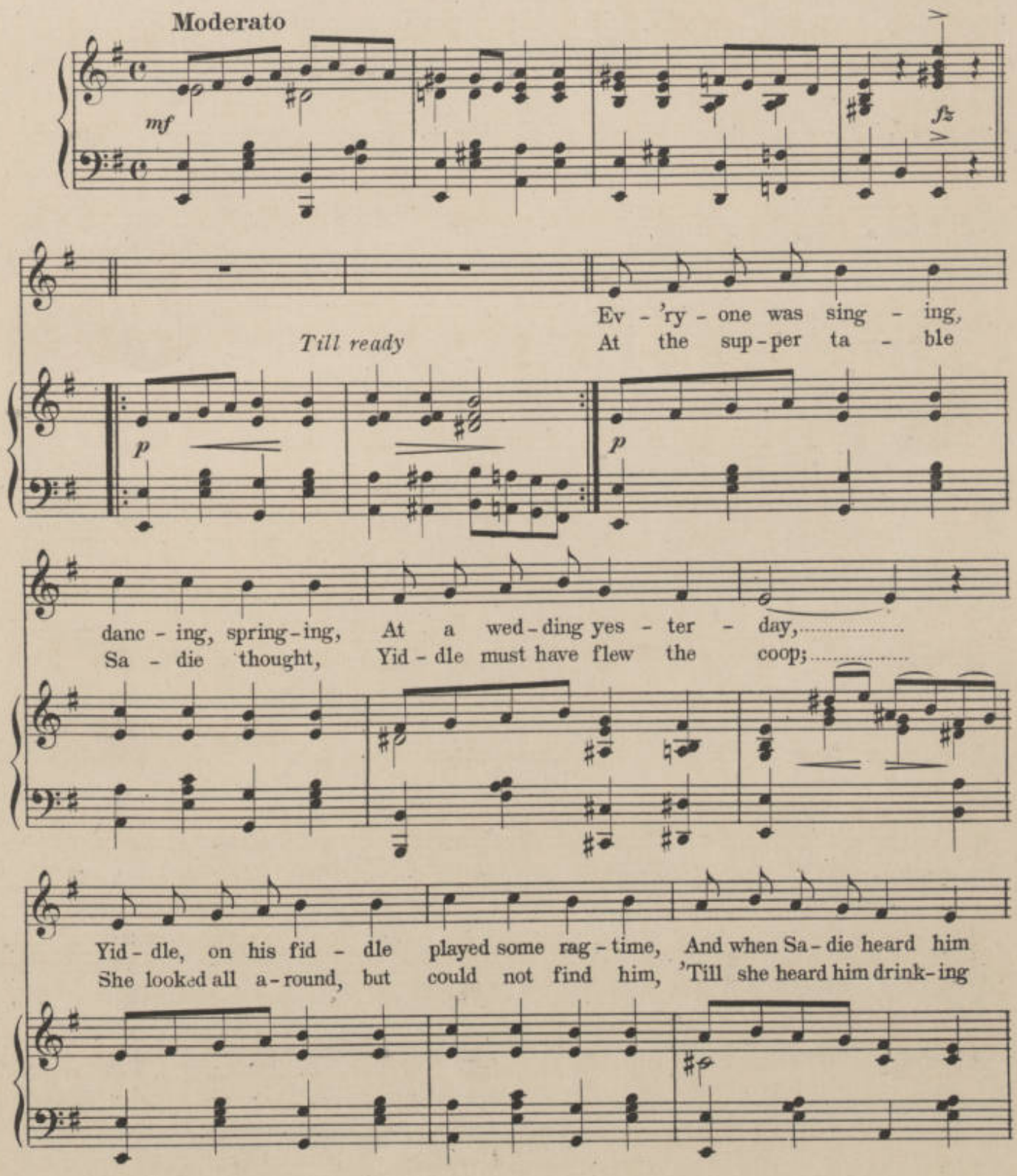
Yiddle, On Your Fiddle, Play Some Ragtime.

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN.


Moderato
mf
fz
Ev - 'ry - one was sing - ing,
At the sup - per ta - ble
Till ready
p
p
danc - ing, spring - ing, At a wed - ding yes - ter - day,
Sa - die thought, Yid - dle must have flew the coop;
Yid - dle, on his fid - dle played some rag - time, And when Sa - die heard him
She looked all a - round, but could not find him, 'Till she heard him drink - ing

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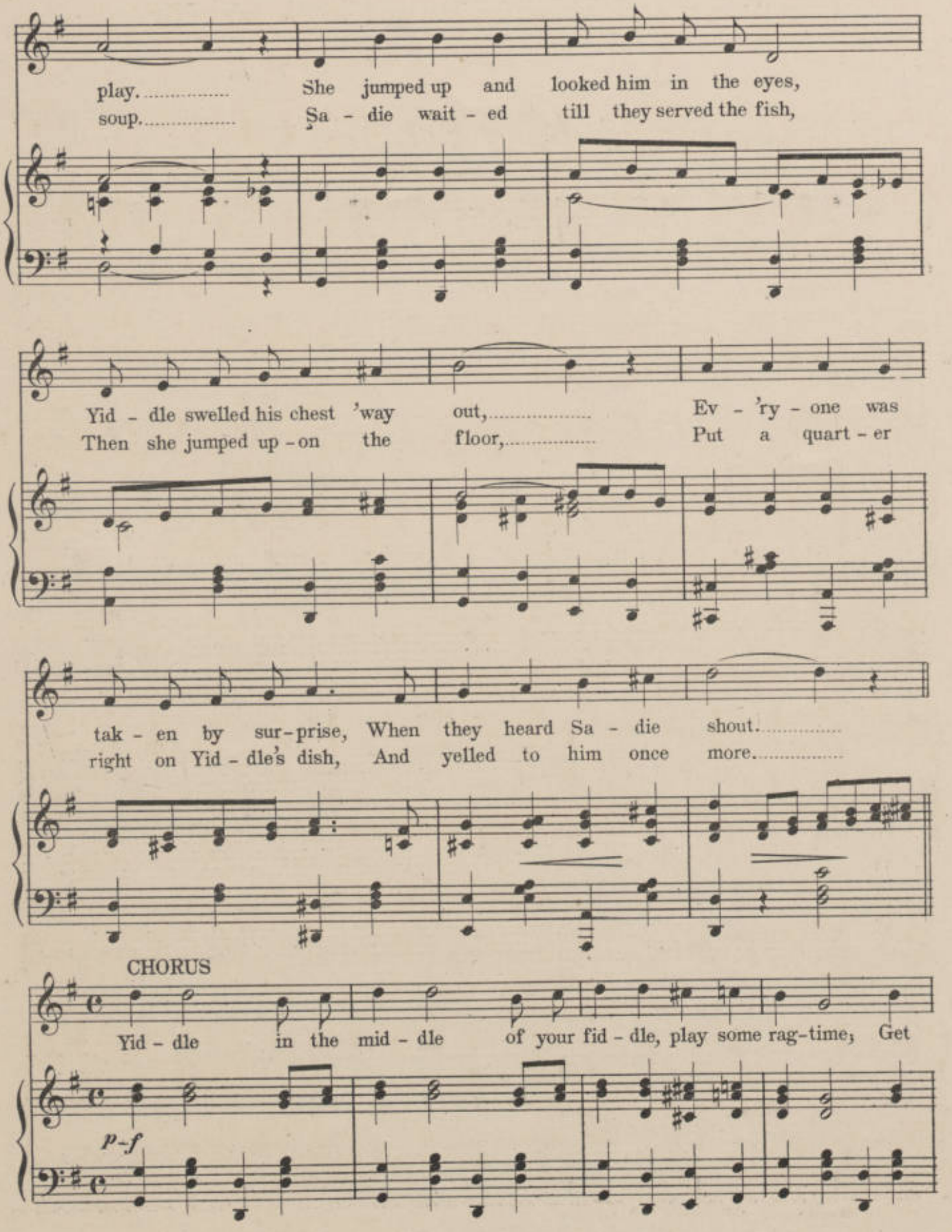
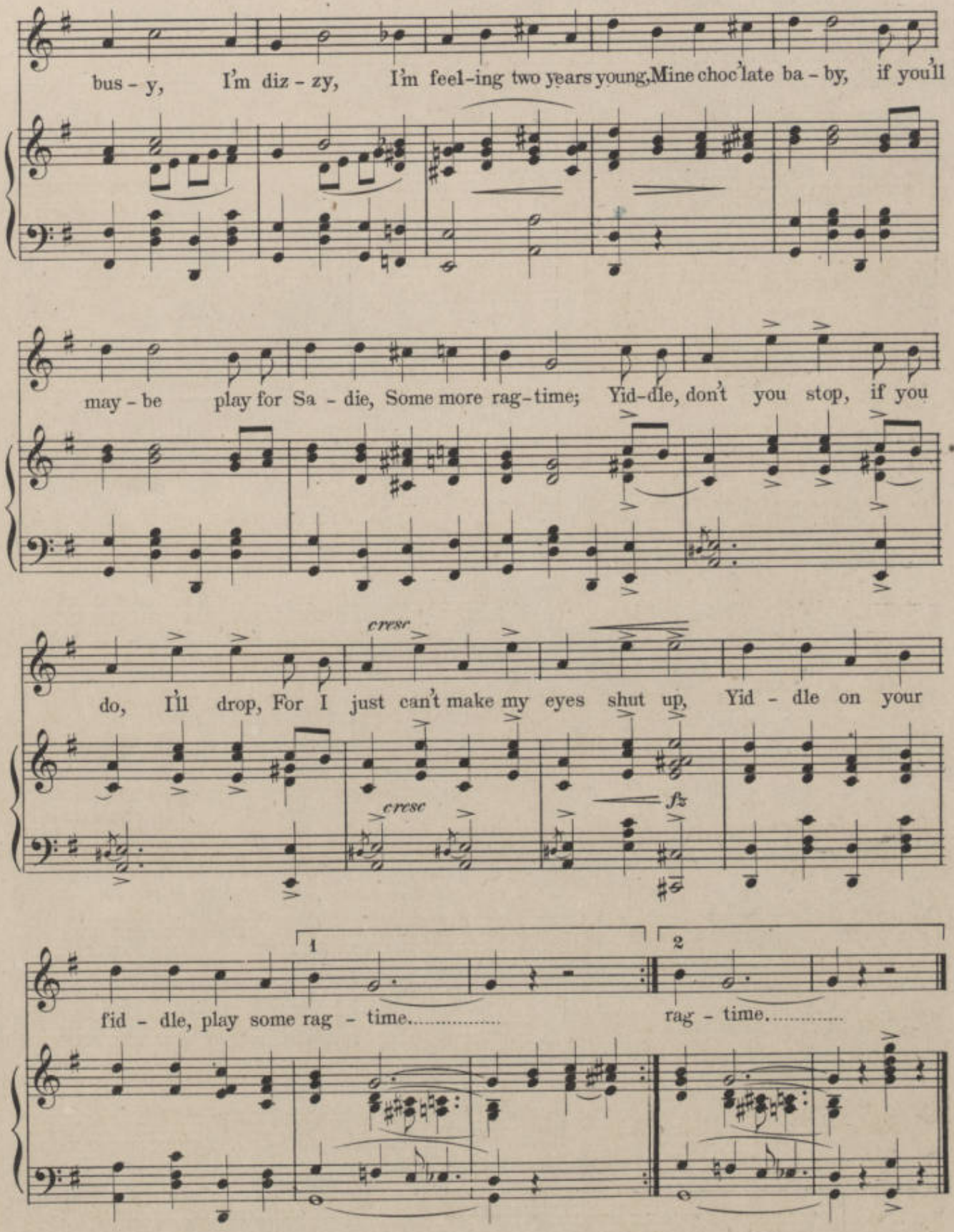

play.....
soup.....
She jumped up and looked him in the eyes,
Sa - die wait - ed till they served the fish,
Yid - dle swelled his chest 'way out,.....
Then she jumped up - on the floor,.....
Ev - 'ry - one was
Put a quart - er
tak - en by sur - prise, When they heard Sa - die shout.....
right on Yid - dle's dish, And yelled to him once more.....
CHORUS
Yid - dle in the mid - dle of your fid - dle, play some rag-time; Get
p-f


bus - y, I'm diz - zy, I'm feel-ing two years young, Mine choc'late ba - by, if you'll
may - be play for Sa - die, Some more rag-time; Yid-dle, don't you stop, if you
cresc
do, I'll drop, For I just can't make my eyes shut up, Yid - dle on your
cresc
fz
1
2
fid - dle, play some rag - time.....
rag - time.....